

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. I.

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## REVIEW.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TONGUE.

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THE necessity of a wise and prudent management of the tongue, if we would get through life easily and quietly, will not be denied. But unfortunately, in this, as in most cases, where advice is given which is acknowledged to be good, every one thinks it to be his neighbor instead of himself who needs it, and it is very common for us to be wondering at the follies and imprudence of our acquaintances, when we ought to be correcting our own.

At the commencement of the present electioneering campaign, most of the partisans of the different candidates for the Presidency of the United States, seemed sensible of the propriety of discussing the subject calmly and dispassionately; and for a time the people were thankful that we had so many great and good men among us;—so many who were fit to fill the first office in the country. But of late, both the pen and the tongue have become *offensive* weapons;—so exceedingly offensive, that if they could command belief, the people would doubtless say to all the candidates as Oliver Cromwell said to the Parliament, "Get ye gone, you rascals, and give place to honest men"—which would be carrying the point much farther than is wished by the different partisans. This is a proof of the necessity of learning the proper management both of the tongue and the pen, for the government of both which, nearly similar maxims will be found appropriate. The greatest difficulty in this business would be overcome, if every one could be made as sensible of his own improprieties in the management of a discussion, as he is of those of his opponents. And if every one confined his attention to the regulating his own tongue and pen, there would be little danger of their experiencing the ill effects of too much regulation.

But it is not alone upon extraordinary occasions, like the present, that the management of the tongue requires consideration; and the work named above, although written by a Frenchman,—one of that nation whose inhabitants are more celebrated for

the fluency, than the good management of their tongues,—for speaking a great deal, rather than greatly to the purpose—contains a collection of judicious maxims and reflections, which may be profitably applied in the common, every day affairs of life, in which it would be very judicious to speak for the purpose of expressing our thoughts, instead of talking as Cymon whistled "for want of thought,"—a habit that is somewhat too prevalent. The entire separation of talking from thinking, which is so very common, is not that division of labor which, according to Adam Smith, works such wonders in political economy, but is on the contrary, a separation of the useful from the sweet—a combination of which, has been so zealously and so universally recommended by sages and moralists, but in which very few, except the compounders of whiskey-punch and egg-nog, are allowed to excel in these times.

It is a very common error among many people to imagine that they are thinking, when they are merely suffering their thoughts to wander at random; which is as grievous a mistake, as for a man to suppose himself to be travelling, when playing at fives or ninepins.

There are very few of the maxims in this work which will be controverted; but there are some which may be considerably modified. In the chapter "Of the Tongues of Women," the first maxim is, "Women would not be so much despised by men, if they did not say so many things that deserve to be despised," which is very true, but it is equally applicable both to the sayings and doings of men, whose actions betray a want of the knowledge of it, as often as the words of women.

The maxim in the chapter entitled the Disputer, that "The disputes of learned men, about doctrines, or matters of fact, will frequently change to private quarrels," is also true; but it is still more applicable to the disputes of *unlearned* politicians, than those of learned men, and the following reflections are also more applicable to the former than the latter.

"When men dispute, they are first angry with arguments, and then with men; they make a great noise, they give hard words, they cause a great disturbance, they fly out into a passion. I have known some, whose strongest arguments lay in the strength of their lungs.—

Our disputes should be forbidden and punished, as other verbal crimes; how many vices do they not stir, and heap up, being always ruled and commanded by anger! It is a silly thing to make a fight of a sport." How many errors have been introduced into religion by disputes! How many offences against charity! How many doubts in the minds of men! At first, the love of truth seems to occasion a dispute, afterwards pride keeps it up, and at last anger puts an end to it. Every time a man meets with any opposition in a dispute, he does not consider whether it be right or wrong, but only what defence he shall make; he makes use of claws instead of arms.

"I never oppose another man's opinion, but in order to bring him over to truth; before I oppose him, I examine whether I have a sufficient authority and capacity, and the other necessary qualifications to get the victory; but because I do not easily flatter myself that I have them I seldom dispute with any body; or if I do, it is soon done, and in a few words. Disputes would be managed with more calmness and prudence, if that rule was carefully observed; they would be more useful, and truth would not be so much slighted as it is. By the usual way of disputing, one would think that men learn to dispute only to excel in the art of contradicting others; they are not fond of truth, but of their own opinions, whatever they be. When the dispute is over, they are of the same mind as they were before; they only think upon the arguments they made use of, and shut their eyes against those that were alleged against them. What injustice! What infatuation! What a fondness of one's opinions."

The maxims on the subject of praising others, are peculiarly necessary to be studied at this time, since we can hardly take up a newspaper without seeing specimens of the most injudicious and ill-timed praises bestowed upon some one of our great men, such as are very apt to excite in our minds ideas somewhat like Maxim VI. "Praises are often a mere interested commerce."

And the following:

"It is a ridiculous thing to praise a man for such things as are not properly his own."

"It is kind of injury done to a man, not to praise him dexterously."

"It requires a great skill to find out a just medium to our praises."

"We must have as much regard to those who hear our praises, as to those upon whom we bestow them."

But the subject of praising others is one of those of rare occurrence, upon which we do not need such frequent and continual repetition of advice as is necessary in those things which we daily practice, such as the abusing and ridiculing others. It is a very great injustice to the female sex to accuse them of being more fond of scandal than the males. We prohibit them from joining us in the calumny and detraction which we heap upon our most eminent men; and as we leave them only their friends and neigh-

dors whose conduct they are at liberty to discuss freely, it is very unreasonable to expect that they will pursue a different course towards them, from that which we pursue towards our greatest men. They ought to be expected to follow the examples of their husbands and brothers as nearly as circumstances will permit; and it cannot be denied that those examples teach the propriety of speaking ill of four out of five of those who are of consequence enough to be talked of at all. It is very improper therefore, to censure them for evil speaking and slandering, until we set them better examples.

The concluding part of the work is entitled "The Comforter," from which we extract the following remarks "For the comfort of those who are obliged to work."

1. "If I get a habit of working, the most difficult things will become easy to me; nay, I am thereby disposed to be patient in my labor."

2. "I am willing to work more than I need, that I may be fitter to do what is necessary. It is a good thing to keep one's self employed; for too much rest makes one heavy and weak."

3. "When I have nothing to do, that I may not be idle I reflect upon what I have done, or what I must do. I am always afraid if my mind grows slack, I shall grow slack in my duty. Too great an idleness makes a little work intolerable. He who does nothing will learn to do ill things. Idleness is not so much a particular vice as a general occasion for all sorts of vices."

4. "Most of those who hate working, feel at last the inconveniences of poverty. An idle man spends what he has, and gets nothing; he is a prey to several pleasures, which cost him very dear; and wants courage and resolution to mind his own concerns."

5. "Some men make themselves ridiculous by applying themselves to such things as have no manner of relation with their profession; because the public is persuaded that they neither do, nor can, excel them. I would never advise a clergyman to write a book about military discipline, nor an engineer to write a commentary upon St. Paul's epistles. I shall sooner believe a civilian, when he explains to me the difficulties of the digest, than when he undertakes to demonstrate to me the quadrature of the circle. I shall be more willing to follow the advice of a physician about the use of simples, the properties whereof he ought to know by his profession, than his instructions to free me from the tricks of an attorney. Nevertheless, men are commonly tempted to go out of their sphere under pretence of doing more good; & they have much ado to keep within the bounds of their profession. Some whose business it is to live an active life, and serve their neighbors, will unseasonably set up for contemplative men, and leave off some necessary practices for some useless reflections. Thus a magistrate, under pretence of piety, becomes often morose and inaccessible to those who stand in need of his help; and being taken up with unreasonable prayers, which God does not require of him, tires the patience of unhappy men, (whom God commands to hear favorably) by deferring the justice which he ought to do them. How many women, who spend in works of supererogation the time which they should spend in the performance of essential duties; and who, whilst they go from church to church, and from one director to another, and are always ready to perform all the devotional practices which are prescribed to them, neglect that which is proper for them, and which God requires of them above all others; I mean, to give a good education to their children, and to take care of their families. I seldom undertake any thing but what I am fit for, and when I am forced to the

contrary, I use attention, reflection, great care, and exactness, and the advices of the most knowing men, that I may discharge my duty as well as I can."

Z.

## American Aborigines.

### INDIANS OF TEXAS.

#### LETTER IV.

#### (Concluded.)

VANITY, certainly, is not peculiar to the Comanches, but they possess more vanity both national and personal, than any other people whatever. Foppery in all its contemptible gradations, of dress, deportment and mental nothingness and insipidity is the prevailing characteristic of the young men. An Indian Dandy would, to be sure, be an amusing *unique* in the circles of fashion; but if you could transport a full dressed Comanche buck into a coterie of our most exquisite "*Delectables*," my word for it, he would eclipse them in all the essential properties of that profession. The squaws from their infancy are too completely servile to bestow either time or solicitude on the ornaments of person. The men are large, and well proportioned and generally, good looking—the women, as much the reverse as human nature will bear. As a nation, they think themselves the most numerous and powerful on earth—and will listen with incredulous wonderment to a recital of facts that controul this flattering opinion.—So true is it that ignorance and vanity are inseparably allied.

The Comanches do not cultivate the earth, but subsist for the most part on the erratic Buffaloes\* which descend into their district in the fall, in pursuit of a verdant herbage, and return in the spring, (such of them as survive the depredations of their numerous biped enemies) to their northern range. It has been remarked that the number of Buffaloes that annually reach the regions inhabited by the Comanches, has sensibly diminished within a few years. In the event of a serious failure of that munificent provision of nature, these and other tribes of similar habits, will be compelled to resort to agriculture, or to recede northwardly in pursuit of their ancient prey. The former of these alternatives would be difficult of adoption, on account of their native inertness and aversion to labor; and the latter would probably be rendered impracticable by the jealousy of other tribes, who already occupy the northern wilds.

These wandering savages have made but small advances in the domestic arts. Their lodges or tents, are formed of Buffalo hides dressed to a suitable consistency, and erected on poles, in the shape of an elongated

\*These animals are commonly called Buffaloes, but are in reality the Bison of Naturalists.

cone, having an aperture at the top to emit the smoke, which purpose it answers but very imperfectly. They are excessively uncomfortable in cold or wet weather, and are at best but miserable shelters. The interior furniture consists altogether of the skins, of different animals, principally Buffalo robes, which are spread on the ground, and compose their beds, bedding and all. They use neither chairs stools, nor tables. In the culinary art they have improved but little upon the most obvious suggestions of nature, and are exceedingly filthy and loathsome in all their household economy. They have no cooking utensils of their own construction, and prefer copper kettles on account of their being easily portable and not subject to fracture. They mostly boil their meat, but sometimes broil it on the coals or roast it on spits. During the summer months they often suffer intensely by hunger, purely from defect of art, and frugality in husbanding their means of subsistence. Whole villages are sometimes three or four days without a particle of animal or vegetable food. Their sufferings are borne in common, and if one hunter is more fortunate than the rest, his game is distributed gratuitously through the whole village. In times of scarcity the men hold it a matter of conscience and pride, to sustain the severest portion of the general privations, and to bear them without murmuring. And indeed they manifest a capacity for enduring abstinence, that would almost lead one to imagine nature had furnished their organic system with a peculiar adaptation to the various contingencies of their existence. When meat is abundant, they gorge and gormandize most voraciously, without experiencing any subsequent inconvenience; and when it is scarce, they endure hunger with singular patience, and comparatively trivial relaxation of the animal functions. Habit is capable of controlling both mind and matter. Being accustomed to pursue their game altogether on horseback, they seldom obtain any other than the Buffaloes,\* of which they usually have an adequate supply during the cold months, from November to March. They reserve but little from the winter's profusion to supply the scarcity of summer, having no other mode of preventing putrefaction, than by cutting the meat into very thin slices, and exposing it to the sun until it is entirely desiccated by exhalation. As you

\*As experiments have demonstrated that these valuable animals are capable of domestication, I think it remarkable that our agriculturalists have never attempted to reclaim them.—They possess more muscular strength, move with greater fleetness and are consequently better adapted to the plows, than our neat cattle. Their flesh is more savoury and nutritious, and their wool would be a useful material in manufactures. The hide is perhaps of less avail, being too flaccid and porous for leather; but dressed in the manner of robes might be turned to good account.



may imagine, these beef chips are neither very palatable nor alimental after this operation; but they are still meat, and meat is always desirable to a carnivorous savage. The beneficent author of nature has given them an inexhaustible supply of salt. They procure this excellent fossil from a saline near the sources of the Rio Brasos, where it is indurated by natural evaporation, into masses of different dimensions. When pulverised, it is of a beautiful whiteness, not inferior to our best table salt. But owing to their roving habits, the Indians are frequently destitute of this healthful and savoury ingredient in animal food, and eat their meat for months together without seasoning of any kind. They do not consider this privation as a very serious matter.

They make a kind of bread of the pods of the locust tree, which grows abundantly throughout their range. These pods possess a small portion of saccharine matter which renders the meal cohesive and gives it an agreeable though somewhat insipid taste; but in substance it is about as edible as saw-dust, which it resembles in appearance. The Peccan tree grows luxuriantly on all their water courses, and the delightful nut it affords, together with black and red haws, prickly-pear apples, and some other spontaneous fruits, and a few excellent roots, eke out the scanty subsistence of these people, during the absence of their favorite Buffaloes.

Some of the lower or southern villages make an annual visit to the Whacoes (a small tribe located on the Brasos) and traffic horses for beans, melons, and corn. But owing to their frequent migrations, they are not able to transport a permanent stock of these articles; and very soon after returning from the corn feast of their more provident neighbours, they relapse into their habitual alternations of feast or famine.

But Providence seems to have provided them with some natural indemnities against the physical evils that might be supposed incidental to their irregular and versatile manner of life. Notwithstanding their frequent and painful privations, they are subject to few diseases, and exhibit many instances of remarkable longevity. Men, whose furrowed cheeks and blanched locks palpably indicate what we would call an extreme old age, and who by their own traditional accounts, have felt the frosts of an hundred winters, will not relinquish the sports of their youth, the hunting of Buffaloes on horseback. The almost unqualified salubrity of the climate they occupy, certainly has a large share in this unusual prolongation of life and activity. Their being altogether debarred, by local remoteness from civilization, from the use of spirituous liquors, is another prominent reason of their healthful condition. How happy

would it be, for the abused and degraded aborigines of our country, had they all been equally secluded from access to that baleful poison of the moral and physical man. Their intercourse with their more refined and cultivated neighbors, might in that case have been productive of many benefits to this hapless race, whereas it has been replete with disaster.

B.

### Letters from the West.

LETTER V.

Zanesville, July, 18—

DEAR CHARLES:—

The eagerness with which so many people in this country, engage in search of mines of the precious metals, appears to me one of the most extraordinary things that I have remarked. It is not strange that they should wish—but that they should expect—to find them in a country like this, of the newest secondary formation whose rocks are aggregates of shells and other organic remains, or sandstone of the most recent class; and where coal beds are so extensive and frequent that I have been informed that in many places there are farms on which no place can be found where the owners can dig deep enough for cellars to their houses without having them floored with coal.

The day before we left Steubenville, we visited a coal mine at a short distance from the town, where a manufactory of coppe-ras is established, and which is conducted in the cheapest and simplest manner imaginable. The coal shaft is in the side of a hill with a sufficient slope upwards, to allow the water to be drained off through small wooden troughs; this water is impregnated with sulphate of iron, and is conducted to boilers in which it is reduced to the proper consistency for chrySTALLIZATION, and the whole process is conducted without any expense except that of a person to perform the labour of making the fires and attending the boilers; large quantities of pyrites are found in the coal mine, and one of the proprietors very gravely informed me that he expected to obtain silver from them. A company in this place, I am informed, are now mining for silver at a very considerable expense, and with a degree of confidence that is really astonishing, and pitiable to observe. And yet from the appearance of this town you would not imagine that it was inhabited by a class of men likely to be led into such adventures; they appear to be an active, industrious, shrewd, matter of fact kind of people; and the place appears to be the most flourishing that we have seen in this country, as well as the pleasantest. There is an air of successful industry about it, which with its local beauties make its ap-

pearance very attractive. Notwithstanding the mining propensity so prevalent here, it appears to me that there are fewer fools in any given number of people on this side of the mountains than on the other, which B. says, is owing to their having displayed such egregious folly in coming to the country at all, that their stock of the article is exhausted when they get here, and they are afterwards obliged to draw upon some other source for their stimulants to action. This remark is more characteristic of B. than satisfactory to me.

The fact is, that it requires some mental, as well as bodily exertion, to accomplish an emigration to this country; and exercise of the mind whether voluntary or not, will improve it; and as there are none here but emigrants from some other Countries, there can of course be none of that stupid, indolent class who have not activity or energy enough of mind or body to attempt any enterprize for their own benefit.

J. R.

### SELECTIONS.

#### *Ambition no mark of Magnanimity.*

I have often wondered, how ambition came to be thought the mark of a great soul. Montaigne and Montesquieu join it often to a little one; and they have certainly this in their favor, that it is as common to the narrowest and meanest, as to the most exalted compositions. "Vanity," says Mons. Paschal, "is so rooted in the heart of man, that the most low-lived reptile vaunts himself, and effects to have admirers." Yet Pope calls ambition *the glorious fault of angels and of gods*; and even Clarendon has not scrupled to say, that, if ambition be a vice, it loves to grow in a rich soil. If by growing in a rich soil he means growing out of a great soul, we may be the more surprised, because he ascribes the exorbitant ambition of Cardinal Wolsey to the poverty and lowness of his birth, and makes it most natural to men of the meanest extraction. And it is, I believe, a matter of fact, that men of mean birth, who are in low sentiments, and accustomed to stare at parade and shew (falsely, very falsely, called magnificence) with a kind of adoration, are always the most inordinate in their pursuits after, and the most apt to plume themselves upon them; while others of ingenuous and liberal parentage, being familiarized to them from the first opening of their eyes, are often more content with the sphere they are born in, and with a supply for those habits to which they are trained.

But to proceed. Pray, did Lord Melcombe's ambition to make a figure originate from greatness of soul?—George Bubb was son of an Apothecary in Dorsetshire, and nephew of George Dodington Esq. who left him an estate and his name. This am-

bitious man was not without abilities; but the meanness of his spirit surpasses all conception. Instances from his *Diary* would be endless: we will only add one farther trait, to what we have just transcribed from it, in our last Number. After many servilities, cringing attentions, and various little tricks, which low-born persons usually practise to crawl up to preferment, this son of an Apothecary was received into the family of Frederic Prince of Wales; who "promised him, when he should come to the crown, a peerage and the seals of the Southern Province, together with the management of the House of Lords." page 4. This was in March 1749. Some time after he was informed, that the prince's family had an aversion to him; and, in a fit of pious despondency, exclaims, God forgive them: I have not deserved it of them." page 81. At length, in 1750-1, when death deprived the world of the prince, and all were precipitated into the blackness of despair, this devout person again ejaculates, "Father of mercy! thy hand that wounds alone can save;" page 100.—Reader, behold the greatness of soul from which ambition springs!

*Old age not desirable: yet how unwilling to die.*

THE *Gerocomice*, or art of prolonging life to old persons, is ascribed to Herodicus, one of Hippocrates's masters; who is censured for it by Plato, and I think very justly. For, why should people be made anxious to live, when they can in reality no longer enjoy life? when they are soon to be a burden to themselves and all about them?

Gassendus is said to have lamented, while the physicians were bleeding him to death, that he "perished in a fresh and vigorous old age;" but I know not how to believe it of him: Gassendus surely was too wise for this. A man of 64, as Gassendus nearly was, however unimpaired in either body or mind, may justly be reckoned, according to Horace's idea, *conviva satur*; and to any offers made him, might then, as I should think with sincerity, reply, that he had indeed had enough of every thing.

Is it not astonishing, that such men as Bacon and Descartes should engage in so wild and unphilosophical an attempt, as that of extending life beyond its natural boundaries? Bacon, aware of objections, affects to apologize for it; but his apology is so absurd, that one might almost suppose him not in earnest. "Though the life of mortals," says he, "be nothing else but a mass and accumulation of sins and sorrows, and though they, who aspire after an eternal life, set but small value upon a temporal; yet the continuation of works of charity is not to be despised even by us Christians."

Perhaps no man upon record had a more ardent and excessive desire to prolong life than Louis XI. of France. This wretched

monarch had so great an unwillingness to die, that he obtained leave of Pope Sixtus IV. for a celebrated hermit of Calabria to come to France; fully persuaded that the prayers of this holy person might prolong his life; for which purpose he flattered him, supplicated him, and fell upon his knees before him. He was also surrounded with reliques, which he imagined might serve as barricadoes to keep death at a distance. But nothing shews more his desire to live, than the correction of a prayer which he had composed to St. Eutropius, for the good of his body and soul at the same time: he struck out the part which concerned his soul, saying, that it sufficed if the saint attended to the welfare of the body, who also ought not to be importuned for too many things at once. However, it seemed expedient to some about him, to declare to him his real situation and condition, which they did by assuring him, that no hopes could be entertained either from the hermit, the reliques, or St. Eutropius; that the affair of living was entirely over with him; and that nothing remained but to think of his salvation. "What pain must it have given him," says Commynes, "to hear this sentence! for never man feared death more, or endeavored more to guard against the terrors of it. All his life long he had said to his servants, and to myself among them, that, if ever we should see him in the last extremity, we should say little to him, and that without pronouncing the cruel word death."

It is curious to observe, by the way, what an ascendancy over Louis this miserable fear of dying gave to his physician, *maître Jacques Coctier*; and what a tyranny this minute fellow exercised over him. Louis gave to Coctier fifty-four thousand crowns in five months, besides preferments and possessions to him and his relations, in hopes that he would prolong his life. Yet Coctier was rude, and saucy, and insolent to him beyond all conception: he "snubbed him like a foot-boy," as Mezeray expresses it: and once said to him in a bravado, "I know very well that some morning or other you will send me off, as you have sent off others; but I swear by the Almighty God, that you shall not live eight days after." Louis complained of this treatment, yet was so terrified, that, instead of punishing or even dismissing the physician, he only flattered him the more, and made him the greater presents. What a purgatory in this world, says Commynes, to such a man as Louis! who was as arbitrary, as capricious, and as jealous of his authority as any tyrant that ever lived.

Some will be ready to say, that Louis XI. was a very bad man, and had every thing to fear from futurity: But—is not the same unwillingness to die frequently discerned in good men? in men who, (as should

seem) have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope for, from it? Eumelus—no! fictitious, but a real personage—Eumelus was a village clergyman, who lately died in his sixty-ninth year, after having been a miserable invalid the better part of his life. Eumelus was a sensible man, an honest man, and a very sincere Christian: yet, a little before his death, though calm, undisturbed, and perfectly in his senses, this very Eumelus most devoutly "wished, that God would only spare him this once, and he would never request the favor of him again." Good heavens! how astonishing! Christianity, said I to myself, what art thou? art thou a system of vain abstracted notions, mere Platonic ideas, purely to furnish matter for zeal and controversy, without any regard to life and manners? as they said of Philosophy long ago, *disputandi gratia, non ita vivendi?*\*

But, if thou be any thing real,—if thy object be to correct and fortify the heart, as well as to enlighten and purify the understanding, why fail to bring relief when relief is most wanted? that relief, which the mere light of nature brought to Socrates, Epictetus, and the many heathens? Here does not one of thy most serious votaries seem in effect, to say, "My faith, my hope, my religion, what have I done that thou thus forsakest me? I have preached thy institutes and I have practised them: I have constantly held out to others a crown of glory hereafter, and as constantly kept my eye, resting all my hopes and expectations upon it myself. Yet, though old, distempered, and even long ago incapable of real enjoyment, I am so far from having any inward striving after this heavenly inheritance, that my affections still cleave to this earthly abode; so far from wishing a dissolution, to be the sooner with Christ, that it is my most earnest desire, and even prayer to my Maker, to continue still longer in my fleshly tabernacle."

\*Not a rule of life,—but merely a theme for dispute.

From Kames' Art of Thinking.

Ali-ibn-abbas, favourite of the Califf Mamoun, relates a story that happened to himself. "I was," says he, "one evening with the Califf, when a man bound hand and foot, was brought in. Mamoun ordered me to keep a watchful eye over the prisoner, and to bring him the next day. The Califf seemed greatly irritated; and the fear of exposing myself to his resentment, induced me to confine the prisoner in my haram. I asked him what country he was of? He said, Damascus; and that his habitation was in the quarter of the Great Mosque. May heaven, cried I, shower down blessings upon the city of Damascus, and particularly upon your quarter: I owe my life to a man that lived there. These words ex-



cited his curiosity; and I thus proceeded. It is many years since the viceroy of Damascus was deposed. I accompanied his successor; and when we were about to take possession, the deposed governor assaulted us with superior force. I escaped out of a window, and observing a palace open, I supplicated the master to save my life. He conducted me into the apartment of his women, where I continued a month in perfect security. One day I was informed by my host, that a caravan was setting out for Bagdad; and that I could not wish a more favourable opportunity for returning home. I had no money; and I was ashamed to own it. He perceived my distress, but, in appearance, took no notice. How great was my surprise, when, on the day of departure, a fine horse was brought me, a mule loaded with provisions, and a black slave to attend me. My generous host presented me at the same time a purse of gold, and conducted me to the caravan, recommending me to several of the travellers, who were his friends. These kindnesses I received in your city, which render it dear to me. All my concern is that I have not been able to discover my generous benefactor. I should die content, could I find an opportunity to testify my gratitude. Your wishes are accomplished, cried my prisoner, in a transport: I am he who received you in my palace. I embraced him with tears, took off his chains, and inquired by what fatality he had incurred the Califf's displeasure. Some contemptible enemies, he replied, have found means to asperse me unjustly to Mamoun. I was hurried from Damascus, and cruelly denied the consolation of embracing my wife and children. As I have reason to apprehend the worst, I request you to acquaint them with my misfortunes. No, no, said I, you shall not die: Be at liberty from this moment. Depart immediately, presenting him with a thousand sequins in a purse: Haste to rejoin the precious objects of your affection: Let the Califf's indignation fall on me: I dread it not, if I preserve your life. What a proposal do you make, answered my prisoner! Can you think me capable of accepting it? Shall I sacrifice that life now which I formerly saved? Endeavor to convince the Califf of my innocence; the only proof I will admit of your gratitude. If you cannot undeceive him, I will go myself, and offer my head: Let him dispose of my life, provided yours be safe."

"I presented myself next morning before Mamoun. He was dressed in a crimson coloured mantle, a symbol of his anger. He inquired where my prisoner was, and ordered the executioner to attend. My Lord, said I, throwing myself at his feet, something very extraordinary has happened with respect to him: Will your Majesty permit me to explain it? These words

threw him into a passion. I swear, cried he, by the soul of my ancestors, that thy head shall pay for it, if thou hast suffered the prisoner to escape. Both my life and his are at your Majesty's disposal: Vouchsafe to hear me. Speak, said he. I then related in what manner the prisoner had saved my life at Damascus; that in gratitude I had offered him his liberty; but that he had refused it from the fear of exposing me to death. My lord added I, he is not guilty: a man of such generous sentiments is incapable of committing an odious crime. Some base detractors have calumniated him; and he has become the unfortunate victim of their envy. The Califf was moved; and his great soul led him to admire the heroism of my friend. I pardon him, said Mamoun on thy account: Go, carry the good news, and bring him to me. The Monarch ordered him to be clothed with a robe of honor, presented him with ten horses, ten mules, and ten camels out of his own stables. He added a purse of sequins for the expense of his journey, and gave him a letter of recommendation to the governor of Damascus."

Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors, for which he paid ready money, and which were therefore the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase: he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance. But it happened that Ned in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance; and he longed for the moment in which he should be free. Instead of telling his story and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered hastily, and inquired for him of his guests, who many times called him by his name, and cursed him for his stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream and asked with a

fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of jocularly in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment he caught him in his arms, in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as a proprietor of the fortunate ticket which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long, before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and hired fiddlers, and bought fine cloths; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempted to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace, and keep an equipage. But, in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery-ticket, except five hundred pounds in bank notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that, in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the bridge into the Thames.

A Norman sailor being roughly handled at Bayonne by an English soldier, the Normans, to avenge their comrade, fell upon the English: a scuffle ensued, and blood was drawn. The merchants of Normandy, made their complaint to Philip the Fair, artfully suggesting, that the English made a mock of him. Philip, if he did not think proper to overlook so slight an affair, ought in prudence to have applied to the king of England for redress: he did neither: stung with the supposed mockery, he, in a fit of passion, issued letters of reprisal. Several English vessels were taken by surprise; but the English had their revenge, for they seized many more vessels than had been taken from them. Philip, though the aggressor, demanded reparation in a haughty tone. Edward, king of England, returned an answer in the same tone, which inflamed Philip to the highest pitch. A bloody war ensued, in which 100,000 men of the two nations were sacrificed to the rashness and impatience of Philip. In those barbarous times, men did not glory in being more wise and rational than others, but in being more daring and brutal. A boxing-bout between two sailors was the occasion of much misery to the two nations.

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1824.

## THE TARIFF.

The new Tariff being a subject of much interest with most of our subscribers, we have thought that the following abstract of the duties imposed by the law as it was finally passed, would be acceptable. We have compressed it in as small a compass as practicable.

### Articles paying duties ad valorem.

Duck, Oznaburghs, Burlaps and Ticklenburghs 15 per cent.

Worsted stuff goods and blankets, and all manufactures of wool, except flannels and baizes of which the cost does not exceed 33 1-3 cents per yard, 25 per cent.

All other woollen goods, 30 per cent until June 30, 1825, after that time 33 1-3 per cent.

Manufactures in whole, or in part, of cotton, flax or hemp, and those in whole or in part of silk coming from beyond the Cape of Good Hope 25 per cent.

All other silk goods 20 per cent.

All cotton goods except Nankeens direct from China are to be considered to have cost not less than 30 cents per square yard and charged with duty accordingly.

All unbleached and uncolored cotton yarn or thread to be deemed to have cost not less than 60 cents per pound.

All bleached cotton yarn or thread to be deemed to have cost not less than 75 cents per pound.

Not to be in force on goods from beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn until the 1st January next.

Wool unmanufactured, 20 per ct. until June 1st, 1825, afterwards until June 1st, 1826, 25 per cent afterwards 30 per cent.

Wool costing not more than 10 cents per pound 15 per cent.

Leghorn, straw, or chip hats, bonnets, flats, or braids 50 per cent, none to be considered as having cost less than \$1 each.

Japanned and plated wares, and all manufactures of brass, iron, steel, pewter, lead or tin 25 per cent.

Bolting cloths 15 per cent.

Hair cloth 30 per cent.

Marble 30 per cent.

Paper Hangings 40 per cent.

Coach laces 35 per cent. Other laces 12 1/2 do.

Oil cloth carpets, and oil cloth of all kinds 30 per cent.

All other carpets, mats and floor cloths, not subject to specific duties, 30 per cent.

Square wire for umbrella stretchers, 12 per cent.

All fire and side arms, except muskets and rifles, 30 per cent.

Cutting knives, scythes, sickles, spades and shovels 30 per cent.

Screws 30 per cent.

Copper vessels 35 per cent.

Quills manufactured 25 per cent.

Slates and tiles 25 per cent.

Black lead pencils 40 per cent.

Articles not specified and now paying 7 1-2 per cent, to pay 12 1-2 per cent.

### SPECIFIC DUTIES.

Lead 2 cents per pound.

Shot 3 1-2 cents per pound.

Red or white lead 4 cents per pound.

Brussels, Turkey and Wilton carpeting, 50 cts. per yard.

Venetian and Ingrain carpeting 25 cents per yard.

All other carpets of wool, cotton, flax, &c. 25 cents per yard.

Hemp 35 dollars per ton.

Tarred cables, cordage, twine, packthread and seines 5 cents per pound.

Cotton bagging 3 1/2 cents per yard.

Iron in bars 90 cents per 112 pounds.

Round iron, nail and spike rods, sheet and hoop iron 3 cents per pound.

Iron spikes 4 cents per pound.

Nails 5 cents per pound.

Tacks, brads and sprigs, not over 16 oz. per m. 5 cents per thousand.

Over 16 oz. 5 cents, per pound.

Anvils and anchors, 2 cents per pound.

Iron cables and chains, 3 cents per pound and no drawback.

Mill cranks and mill irons 4 cents per pound.

Mill saws \$1 each.

Blacksmith's hammers and sledges, 2 1/2 cents per pound.

Musket, \$1 50 cents per stand.

Rifles, \$2 50 cents each.

Cast iron vessels not enumerated, 1 1/2 cent per pound.

Other iron castings not specified, 1 cent per lb.

Tallow candles, 5 cents per pound.

Soap 4 cents per pound.

Lard, 3 cents per pound.

Wheat, 25 cents per bushel.

Oats, 18 cents per bushel.

Coal, 6 cents per bushel.

Corks, 12 cents per pound.

Prunelle and stuff shoes and slippers, 25 cents per pair.

Laced boots or bootees, \$1 50 cts per pair.

Linseed, rape and hempseed oil 25 cents per gallon.

Ale, beer, and porter in bottles, 25 cts. per gal.

In casks 15 cents per gallon.

Beef and pork 2 cents per pound.

Hams and bacon 3 cents per pound.

Butter 5 cents per pound.

Vinegar 8 cents per gallon.

Alum \$2 50 cents per 112 pounds.

Refined salt-petre 3 cents per pound.

Blue Vitriol 4 cents per pound.

Oil of Vitriol 3 cents per pound.

Glauber salts 2 cents per pound.

Epsom salts 4 cents per pound.

Camphor, crude 8 cents per pound.

Refined, 12 cents per pound.

Copperas \$2 per 112 pounds.

Cayenne pepper 15 cents per pound.

Ginger 2 cents per pound.

Chocolate 4 cents per pound.

Currants and figs 3 cents per pound.

Plums, prunes, and raisins in jars and boxes 4 cents per pound. Other raisins 3 cents per lb.

Window glass not over 8 by 10 \$3 per 100 feet.

Ditto. over 10 by 12, \$3 50 cents.

Ditto. over 10 by 12 \$4.

All uncut window glass at the highest rates.

Black glass quart bottles \$2 per groce.

Over 1 and not over 2 quarts \$2 50 cents per do.

Over 2 quarts and not over 1 gallon \$3 per do.

Demijohns 25 cents each.

Apothecaries vials 4 oz. and less \$1 per groce.

Over 4 and not over 8 oz. \$1 75 cents per do.

Cut glass-ware not specified 3 cents per lb. and 30 per cent ad valorem.

Other glass wares 2 cents per pound and 20 per cent ad valorem.

Books printed before the year 1775 and books in Foreign languages except Latin and Greek 4 cents per volume.

Latin and Greek books bound 15 cents per lb.

Unbound 13 cents per pound.

All other books, bound 30 cents per lb. In sheets or boards 26 cents per pound.

Folio and quarto post paper 20 cents per lb.

Foolscap, drawing and writing paper 17 cents per pound.

Sheathing and wrapping paper and binders boards 3 cents per pound.

All other paper 15 cents per pound.

### FREE.

Patent adhesive felt for ship's bottoms.

## Literary AND Scientific Notices.

A meeting of the board of Trustees of the Ohio University, at Athens, was held on the 12th ult. at which much important business was transacted.

The Rev. Robt. G. Wilson D. D. was appointed President of the Institution and the Rev. Sam. D. Hoge Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

An appropriation of \$1000, was made for the increase of the College Library, and \$2000 for the purchase of a mathematical and philosophical apparatus.

Dr. Hosack of New-York, has published a collection of pieces which have been written by him and printed at different times, since the year 1794: entitled "Essays on various subjects of Medical Science," in 2 vols. 8vo. Two volumes of sermons by the Rt. Rev. J. H. Hobart, bishop of New-York, are announced in London.

Col. John Cleves Symmes has it in contemplation to publish a paper, weekly, monthly, or quarterly as circumstances may justify, in which he will detail the principles of his *New Theory of the Earth*; and at the same time develop and advocate subjects deeply connected with the prosperity of the Western country particularly, and the United States generally.—NATIONAL POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, WESTERN RESEARCHES, and Moral and religious subjects will be also embraced.—Should this plan meet the approbation of the public, those who feel solicitous to become acquainted with the *NEW THEORY* will have an opportunity of having their curiosity gratified.

### New works announced in London.

A Summary View of the Social, Religious and Political Condition of the United States of America; being the result of Observations and Inquiries during a Journey in that country. Edinburgh, 1 vol. octavo.

A History of the Revival of Greek Literature in Italy in the fourteenth century. By Patrick Fraser Tait, Esq. of Edinburgh.

The History of *Matthew Wald*. By the author of *Valerius*, Adam Blair and Reginald Dalton.

The *Inheritance*. By the author of *Marriage*.

### New works published in Paris.

A Translation into French verse of the celebrated Spanish Epic Poem, *The Aracana*, by Don Alonzo de Ercilla; and a new translation of *Lucretius*.

Humbolt's *Geognosy*. A new edition; with many additions and corrections.

In *Germany*; Professor Dahlmann (of Keil), has published the second part of his *Historical Researches*. "Accredited fables of a thousand years standing," say the reviewers, "dissolve into nothing at the critical touch of this learned investigator." He shows that it was impossible that *Herodotus*



could read to the Greeks assembled at Olympia, his history, which at that time was not even written, and that all the tales which have been told to this effect for about two thousand years are derived from the very incorrect accounts of Lucian.

Doctors Van Rensselaer, De Kay, and Cooper of New-York, members of the Lyceum of Natural History, have lately returned from a scientific expedition in New-Jersey and have brought home with them, the skeleton of a Mammoth, nearly or quite entire. It was found upon the farm of Mr. Croxton, an intelligent citizen of that place, bedded in a swamp, some of the bones being ten feet beneath the surface.

A tooth was discovered some months since, which led the above mentioned gentlemen to undertake the expedition, and to prosecute their researches with indefatigable zeal.

The bones will soon be put together and deposited in the Lyceum. The animal is but little inferior in size to the one in Peale's Museum at Philadelphia.

*Heat of the Globe.*—We observe a curious paper in the Annals of Philosophy on a very interesting subject—the interior heat of the globe. The writer shews from a great number of observations in mines, that the temperature increases very regularly as we penetrate deeper into the crust, and that in the British mines generally, the labourers who work at the depth of 1300 or 1400 feet, or one fourth of a mile from the surface, live in a temperature (80 to 82) higher than that of Jamaica. Mr. Bald, of Alloa, published some facts in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal some years ago, and Mr. Daubuisson gives others relating to the mines of Saxony, which establish the same conclusion. The writer in the Annals thinks that the increase in England is about one degree of Fahrenheit for every 10 or 12 fathoms of descent. Hence, we have reason to conclude, that it is not any peculiar local circumstances which generate the heat in small springs, but that they merely derive their waters from reservoirs situated at a great depth. Pursuing this idea, the Bath Waters, which have a temperature of 116, may be supposed to come from the depth of three fourths of a mile and at the depth of two miles downwards we should find the temperature of boiling water. This may be considered one of the most interesting truths lately added to Natural Philosophy.

### Summary.

DE WITT CLINTON, Esq. has been presented with a dinner set of Liverpool ware, from Utica, the same never having been landed from its time of shipment at Liverpool until received at its place of destination, on the river Mohawk. The ware is adorned with inscriptions and devices, commemorative of the "meeting of the waters,"

and bears pictured testimonials of the public spirit and talents of him whose labours they delineate. Orders for merchandize have been transmitted from several of the merchants at Utica, direct to Liverpool.

*Phil. City Reg.*

*Foreign News received by last night's Mail.*

*England.*—It is said that the king will visit the Continent in July.

The British government has received intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope, which announces the capture of a Spanish slave ship, the *Virginof* of 14 guns, and a crew of 130 men; by the *Baracoota* sloop of war. The captain of the *Virgin*, refused to submit until several of his crew were killed. The *Baracoota* carried her to the Cape. Between 300 and 400 slaves were found on board the prize.

The accounts from Algiers are to March 30, at which time two frigates were cruising before that port, and two others before Bona. No accommodations had been made with the Algerine Government.

*France.*—There is scarcely a word of news from France. The Chamber of Deputies were engaged upon the *projet* for reducing the interest on the National Debt.

A private letter from Paris states, that in the event of a Congress of the Allied Powers, it is believed the recognition of independence of Greece will form a leading subject of discussion, and that the only difficulty will be the choice of a Sovereign—the Allied Powers having all put forth pretensions to this.

*Spain.*—Nothing can be more pitiable, than the situation of the King of Spain and of his Ministry. The Spanish army is but of a very few thousands, and these are in a state of starvation. The Minister of War has threatened to resign, unless some portion of the arrears be paid to keep the soldiers' body and soul together.

According to the accounts from Valencia, 303 armed Constitutionals had entered Terreul. At Valladolid the Royalist Volunteers have formally refused to obey the ordinance for their regulation. In the Asturias there are great disorders. The people every where show great repugnance to the new laws; at Madrid they are much dissatisfied with the sentences condemning wretches to death for robberies above the value of five sous, while justice was so long blind to the greatest crimes.

A paper printed both in French and Spanish, is in circulation at Madrid, containing the Treaty between France and Spain. This Treaty stipulates that the King of France shall leave 50,000 troops in Spain, unless he has need of them for his own defence. The king of Spain on his side, may send the troops away if he thinks them no longer necessary to maintain tranquillity.

*Russia.*—A society approved by the em-

peror, under the Russian South West Company, has been formed for carrying on the navigation between the black Sea and the Baltic, by means of the canals, and the Dnieper and Niemen.

*Turkey.*—Preparations for war are continuing at Constantinople with as much alacrity as the state of the Imperial Exchequer will allow.

A letter from Zante, dated March 13, announces the capture of the important place of Coron, the last bulwark of the Turks in the South of Morea.

On hearing of the formidable preparations by the Turks for the ensuing campaign, the government at Missolonghi, immediately despatched European engineers to the north of the Isthmus of Corinth, to form an entrenched camp for the purpose of offering an effectual resistance. Engineers are also occupied in raising fortifications on the side of Thebes and on all the principal mountains.

Accounts reached Ancona on the 4th of April, with the information that the city of Lepanto had fallen into the power of the Greeks, the 13th of March. It is said there was found a rich booty in money, ammunition &c.

The rumor that the Pacha of Egypt had revolted, is now positively contradicted through several channels. An Egyptian squadron, under the command of Ismael Gibralter, has appeared in the Archipelago, and attacked some Greek vessels, which, however, escaped.

*Sweden.*—On the 1st of April there fell so much snow at Gottenburgh that the people drove about in sledges; at the same time there was a pretty sharp frost.

The small pox had appeared in several places, and the king had issued a Decree commanding the Governors of the Provinces to have the laws for vaccination rigidly enforced.

Mr. FOOTE,

Please insert the following extract from Woodward on the Sun. Mr. Woodward in the work from which the extract is taken, has made an interesting advance on the track of truth, although he has, in my opinion, fallen short of the general truth relative to the constitution of the Sun,—I should like to join with him in the search after truth.—

"The mind must not only be inclined to a culpable apathy, but guilty of great presumption; which would attempt to limit the range of human knowledge. The progress already made,—immense indeed, when compared with the infancy of the world, but probably small in proportion to what may be accumulated ere our race and their attainments shall be swept from the records of time; ought to increase our ardor for farther advances." Respectfully,

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.

Newport, Ky. June 11th, 1824.

## POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

## INDIAN DEATH SONG.

Foemen of my nation's race,  
 Warriors, oft in battle tried,  
 Oft I've met you face to face,  
 Oft in blood my hatchet dyed.  
 But now my race is run:  
 No more I hurl the bolt of war,  
 No more I shine, my nation's star,  
 To guide their vengeance from afar.  
 For now will Alvin's son  
 Soar to the land beyond the sky.  
 I've bravely lived, I'll bravely die.

Warriors, 'midst the thickening fight,  
 Beneath my arm brave Osci died,  
 The hero sunk beneath my might,  
 Your nation's boast, your nation's pride.  
 I glory in the deed.  
 And where your choicest kinsmen fought,  
 My choicest vengeance there was sought,  
 Your widest ruin there was wrought,  
 Your bravest sons did bleed;  
 The shades of those heroic dead,  
 Invoke your vengeance on my head.

Then higher build my funeral throne,  
 Then higher raise the raging flame,  
 And not one murmur, not one groan,  
 Shall sully Orvan's deathless fame.  
 Think how once burst my warrior flood;  
 Remember how before me sank,  
 Your bravest friends, your failing ranks:  
 Remember how my hatchet drank  
 Your warmest, choicest blood.  
 I scorn your power, I scorn your wrath,  
 I curse you with my latest breath.

S.

## SELECTED.

## PRIZE ADDRESS,

*Delivered at the opening of the Chatham Garden Theatre New-York; written by Mrs. Wells, Boston.*

Long loured the night,—and o'er the Gothic land,  
 Where arts lay wrecked, Oblivion stretched her wand;

Around the mouldering fanes the ivy clung,  
 The bay was blasted, and the lyre unstrung;  
 When from the clouds the sun of genius burst,  
 And Dulness fled the attic light he cursed;  
 All Learning's altars, as the splendour broke,  
 Like Memnon's tomb, at once to music woke.  
 As wider spread the intellectual ray,  
 Science the dawning hailed, and blest the day:—  
 Exulting then, the Muses tuned the shell,—  
 As from their lips the inspiration fell,  
 Thespis arose, and sought the lettered page,  
 And Wit, and Taste combining, reared the Stage.  
 The Stage!—whence rise a tributary flame,  
 Our mingled offerings to Apollo's name;  
 To him, our willing vows, we pay to night;  
 Throng round his shrine, and consummate his rite;  
 To him, and his, we dedicate the dome,—  
 It is his Temple—be it hence his home!

Here, left for those, who dared like him to soar,  
 Be found the inspired mantle Garrick wore;  
 And here, by Fame's resistless impulse led,  
 May we, like him, in buskin'd honour tread;—  
 Here, too, enkindled, may our souls aspire  
 To catch the flame from Shakspeare's living fire;  
 And, as the electric vigour thrills the heart,  
 The flame we feel, may we, to you, impart.

Through every polished, every classic age,  
 True to her trust, the Muse has watched the Stage;  
 Its feeble infancy to virtue trained,  
 Its genius fostered, and its rights maintained;—  
 And still the Drama, with fixed aim and end,  
 Shall stand, of Vice the foe, of Worth the friend;  
 Still her aspiring purpose shall pursue,  
 To raise the arts, herself upraised by you;  
 With satire scourge the knave unwhipped of law,  
 And folly lashing, hold the fool in awe.—  
 Thus to her righteous cause adhering—hence  
 Correct the offender, as she brands the offence.

O, hard the maze of scenic life to thread,  
 Through various toils, by varying fortunes led!  
 The rigid Critic, cautious of his praise,  
 With lingering hands, bestows the actor's bays;  
 Supreme Dictator in the court of wit,  
 Adjudged at his tribunal—we submit—  
 By his decisive mandate, held in awe,  
 Obey his stern decree, and own his sentence law.

But chiefly anxious your applause to gain,  
 Ceaseless we labour, and each task sustain;  
 On your protecting aid, we fain would lean,  
 Indulgent patrons of the mimic scene;—  
 Ourselves and ours, to you, we freely trust,—  
 Assert our rights, and to your charge—be just!—  
 'Tis ours to picture nature, yours to view  
 And judge unbiassed, if the lines be true;  
 And where, in honest zeal of your applause,  
 We chance,—forgetful of the Censor's laws,—  
 The rules prescribed, o'erleaping, to offend,  
 'Tis yours to point the error,—ours to mend.

## FROM THE SPANISH.

Blow light, thou balmy air,  
 My lady's couch above;  
 Blow lightly there, ye winds, and spare  
 The slumbers of my love.  
 Let no rude blast be found  
 To mar her gentle sleep;  
 But all around a dreamy sound,  
 And drowsy murmur creep.

O fly! thou balmy air,  
 And by her couch remain;  
 Go, blend thee with her breath, and bear  
 Its balm to me again.  
 But lightly go, and gently blow—  
 Blow softly as my strain.

Blow gently, do not break  
 The stillness of her sleep;  
 I would not make my love awake,  
 Nor raise those lids to weep,  
 Ye winds, that, born in happier hour,  
 May wanton as ye will,  
 If round her bower, ye have the power,  
 To creep and murmur still,  
 O lightly go, and gently blow,  
 And let her slumber still.

## AN ENCOMIUM.

(From Comic Tales.)

Mortal was never yet so grac'd  
 With partial blessings from the skies,  
 As *Draco*, rich in every taste  
 That men of real worth despise.

A youth more lovely, more polite,  
 More witty, graceful, more refined,  
 Or one more formed to give delight,  
 Was never seen,—in his own mind.

"Survey thyself!"—Thus sages write,  
 In wisdom's lore, if you'd surpass;  
*Draco* each morning, noon and night,  
 Surveys himself within the glass.

His learning, his amazing knowledge,  
 Impartial judges must confess,  
 Unequall'd e'en by heads of college  
 In the most noble science,—*dress*.

Some silly folks who know him not,  
 Awer he's got an empty skull,  
 Can emptiness then be the lot  
 Of one who of himself's brimfull.

His tongue such torrents can dispense  
 Of words, we're struck with wild amaze,  
 Those torrents never give offence,  
 Though much he talks, he nothing says.

To truth so very warm a friend,  
 Mortal by him was ne'er deceiv'd,  
 In this he never can offend,  
 For *Draco* never was believ'd.

His courage in the open field  
 Was never doubted day or night,  
 Nor was he ever known to yield,  
 For 'tis well known he dares not fight.

Whene'er the lovely swain draws near,  
 The ladies all around him flock,  
 At sight of him they glad appear,  
 For he's their favourite laughing stock.

So very amorous the youth,  
 Still making love, still ogling, sighing,  
 Observe him, and you'd swear in sooth  
 He cannot live unless he's dying.

But should a fair one equal die,  
 And, face to face, our youth assail,  
 Gods, with what eagerness he'd fly  
 Backwards, like our with slunk-in tail.

Proceed, dear youth, dear youth proceed,  
 To other youths example shew,  
 And let 'em in your actions read,  
 Not what they should, but should not do.

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